

PRINCE CHARLIE *and* FLORA

A BALLAD OPERA

LIBRETTO BY
J. MURRAY GIBBON



J. M. DENT & SONS, LIMITED
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PRINCE CHARLIE AND FLORA

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PERSONS IN THE PLAY

CHARLES EDWARD: "the Young Pretender," "Bonnie
Prince Charlie."

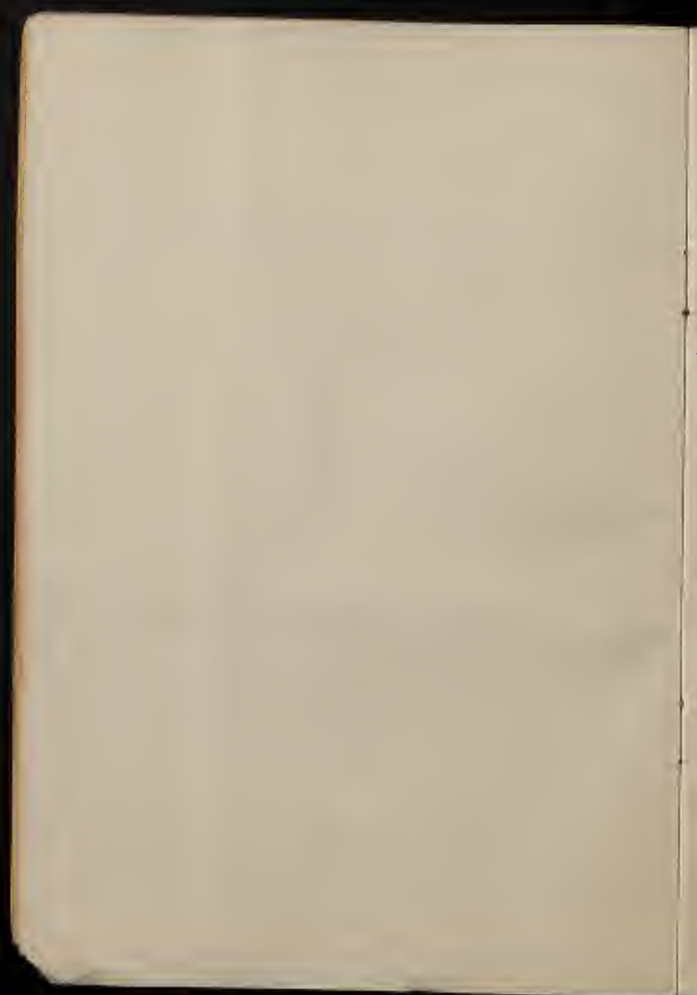
CAPTAIN O'NEIL: his attendant on his wanderings. *R. Bennett*

NEAL MACEACHAIN: a soldier from Ormiclade. *H. Hewitson*

ALASTAIR: a half-wit boy, the fool at Ormiclade. *A. Heather*

LADY CLANRANALD: the chatelaine of Ormiclade. *Ben Morison*

FLORA MACDONALD: Lady Clanranald's niece. *Frances James*



PRINCE CHARLIE AND FLORA

Scene opens in a sheiling at Rossinish near Ormoclade, the castle of the Clanranalds at Benbecula.

Peat fire at which Prince Charlie is roasting liver and kidneys. Walls dark with peat smoke, on which the only decoration is Prince Charlie's targe. Table, a flat stone on a pillar of turf. Seats are bundles of heather. Punch bowl and some mugs with an empty bottle of brandy on the table. Prince and Captain O'Neil in Highland dress much the worse for wear.

Curtain rises on Prince singing *Johnie Cope*, in the chorus of which O'Neil joins:

Johnie Cope

Cope don't a lot for fine Dunbar. O, Charlie, meet me an' ye dave, And
I'll learn you the art o' war, If you'll meet me in the morning. Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye
wauking yet? Or are ye dums a-beat-ing yet? If ye were wauk-ing,
I wad wait to gang to the coals i' the morning.

Now Johnie, be as good's your word;
Come let us try both fire and sword;
And dinna rin awa' like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.

Hey, Johnie, etc.

Prince (loquūtur):

Poor old Johnie Cope—we laughed at him then, but what are we ourselves but a frightened bird that's "chased

from its nest in the morning''. What's more, Captain, this chase is getting too devilish hot to be healthy. That thirty thousand pound price set on my head is irresistible.

O'Neil:

Not to a clansman. The price has been posted now for two months, yet no one has betrayed you.

Prince:

Noble fellows! Yet it is but fair to remove the temptation. At any moment we might be discovered——

(Three knocks at the door are heard. O'Neil draws sword. The Prince cocks pistols. Door opens to admit Neal MacEachain laden with a hamper and a bundle tied with cord).

O'Neil:

(To the Prince): Clanranald's factotum—he's with us—

(MacEachain kisses the Prince's hand).

Prince:

What's in the bundle?

MacEachain:

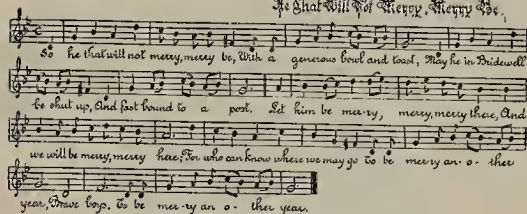
That's for my lady to tell—but this hamper needs no explanation—with the compliments of Ormiclade.

(Opens the hamper and draws out the contents.)

Prince:

Aha! A chicken—roasted—and another! God bless the pretty dears (kisses them)—and wine!—Bordeaux—four bottles—with two of brandy—just when our store was running dry—aha! brave boys:

He That Will Not Merry, Merry Be,



He that will not merry merry be
And take his glass in course,
May he be obliged to drink small beer,
Ne'er a penny in his purse.

Let him be, etc., etc

(loquitor). Most welcome messenger! But what was that about "my lady"? And what did she mean to tell?

MacEachain:

Her ladyship is here to tell in person.

(Enter Lady Clanranald followed by Flora MacDonald, the latter timidly. Both curtsy, and Lady Clanranald kisses the Princes' hand.)

Prince:

This is indeed an honour. Would that it were in our Castle of Holyrood, and not in so mean a hut.

Lady Clanranald:

Your Royal Highness, would that it were our Castle of Ormiclade—but in these dangerous times! Will not the heart of every Highlander be beating for the Prince in



PRINCE CHARLIE AND O'NEIL.

his wanderings! Permit me to present to your Royal Highness my ward, Miss Flora Macdonald, daughter of Ranald, son of Angus younger of Milton.

(Flora kisses the Prince's hand.)

Flora:

Your Royal Highness's devoted servant.

(The Prince hands them to seats on each side of his own place at table, Lady Clanranald on his right and Flora on his left, while Captain O'Neil and MacEachain remove the ladies' cloaks.)

Lady Clanranald:

'Tis indulgence that we will be begging for intruding on the repast.

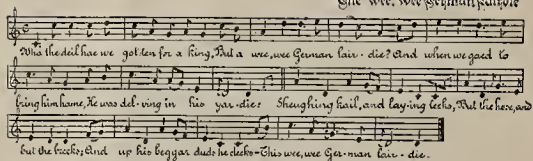
Prince:

Intruders! Say rather, welcome guests, if you will be so gracious as to share it. Come, ladies, sit down and have a bite. The liver is done to a turn—the kidneys also—and we have your present of chicken. With wine to wash down our indifferent cookery and a song to sauce the appetite, and with your own delightful company, it will be a feast for the Gods. Come, Captain—the carving knife for this adorable bird—leave me to open the bottles—there are jugs here for the ladies—for us the friendly bowl. And when I spoke of song, I meant it, for in our hiding we have fortified our spirits with music. If Pythagoras be a true philosopher, Captain O'Neil will one day be translated to a nightingale. Come now, a toast! Captain, to you the honours.

O'Neil:

(Toasting):

The Wee, Wee German Lairdie



TO THE WEE, WEE, GERMAN LAIRDIE'

Come up amang our Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
And see how the Stuart's lang-kail thrive
They dibbled in our yairdie:
And if a stock ye dare to pu'
Or haud the yoking o' a plough,
We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Auld Scotland, thou'rt ower cauld a hole
For nursin' siccan vermin:
But the very dogs o' England's court
They bark and howl in German.
Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,
Thy spade but and thy yairdie:
For wha the deil now claims your land,
But a wee, wee German lairdie?

Prince:

(Raising his glass): Perdition to the House of Hanover! Drat him, the wee, wee German lairdie has kept me from my game of gowf for nigh three months. At this pace, I shall be clean off my game by the time I get to France. And now, between courses, may it be permitted to ask your ladyship to tell us what is inside the mysterious bundle which accompanied this most admirable hamper?

Lady Clanranald:

Indeed it is what was in the very door of my mouth to speak about. It will be a danger spot that his Royal Highness was finding a shelter-place, and the Sassenach redcoats was like hounds on the scent of the stag of the hills, and there was a great fear in the heart of me that the hunt would soon be no more at all. And it was then that Flora Macdonald, daughter of Ranald, son of Angus younger of Milton, will be coming to me with a wonder plan of escape.

Prince:

(Lifting the bowl to his lips and bowing to Flora.)

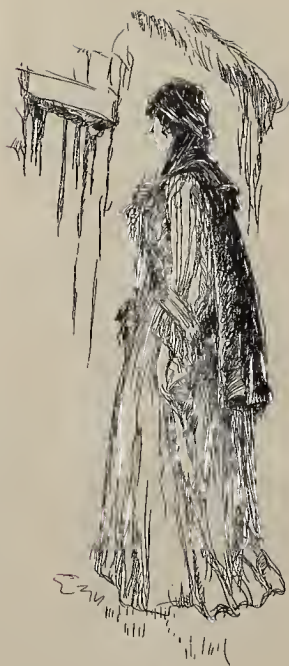
If the plan of escape be as perfect as the young lady herself, then am I already half across to France.

Lady Clanranald:

There was the boat with the loyal clansmen lying out-by in the cove, but there will be the English fleet in the channels of the islands, and nobody no more at all to get by without a passport, and his Royal Highness more than nobody at all whatever. And Flora Macdonald, daughter of Ranald, son of Angus younger of Milton, was getting a passport, and the passport will be in the bundle.

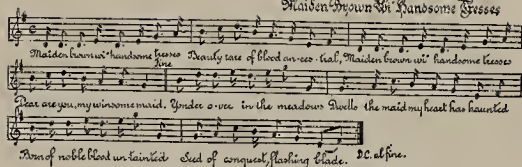
Prince:

Thrice admirable Flora Macdonald, daughter of Ranald, son of Angus younger of Milton! Come, gentlemen, another toast—I pass you the bowl—and to me this time the song, a Highland song of which you doubtless know the chorus:



LADY CLANRANALD.

Maiden Brown Wi' Handsome Tresses



MAIDEN BROWN WI' HANDSOME TRESSES

(Nighean Donn a' Chuailein Riomach)

In the precinct of your girlhood
 Roofed beside a murmuring river,
 Where the deer's a meadow-rover,
 Sang the thrushes down to you.

Palms of velvet, subtle, tender,
 Famous spinning-fingers slender—
 Where was she that was your equal
 Weaving linen with the thread?

Prince:

(Loquitur). And what manner of passport may this be that the fair Flora procured? Captain, spare your knife from the bird for a moment, and cut the cord of this bundle so that our curiosity may be allayed.

Lady Clanranald:

No, no! God forbid that the good cord be destroyed and wasted, and me a careful housewoman. Give me the bundle that I will untie it with my fingers. And what is more, I will be remembering that the passport was not in the bundle at all, but it will be in the pocket of Neal MacEachain surely whatever. Neal, have you got her safe in your pocket?

MacEachain:

(Producing a document): Here it is, your ladyship.

Lady Clanranald:

Maybe your Royal Highness will be preferring to read the passport yourself (hands him the document). It was

a letter from Major Hugh Macdonald who will be the stepfather of Flora Macdonald, and it was written by him to her mother Marion Macdonald.

(The Prince opens the document and reads:)

Prince:

"My dear Marion: I have sent your daughter from this country, lest she in any way be frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning please you, you can keep her till she spin all your lint, or if you have any wool to spin you may employ her. I have sent Neal MacEachain along with your daughter and Betty Burke, to take care of them.

I am your dutiful husband:

Hugh Macdonald.

June 22nd, 1746."

(Continues): If that is Major Hugh Macdonald of the English forces, this might indeed enable the bearers to pass through the fleet. Flora Macdonald I know, and Neal MacEachain—but what about Betty Burke?

Lady Clanranald:

Surely she will be the wonderplan of Flora Macdonald whatever. Will not the clothes of Betty Burke be in the bundle?

(Unties the cord and produces in turn a flowered linen gown, sprigged with blue, a light coloured quilted petticoat, a large cap, and broad apron, a mantle of grey coloured camlet with a large hood such as Irish girls were in the habit of wearing.)

(Continues). Sure, and will not his Royal Highness make a bonny Irish spinster whatever? And was not the fingers of all the womanfolk at Ormiclade busy with the

needles and the sewing upon it to make it the beautiful Irish dress?

Prince:

(Laughing as he puts on the apron and the cap.)

It is indeed a wonder plan whatever. Miss MacDonald, I congratulate you on your romantic imagination. But me a spinster! With these hands! (Sings lines of the last song):

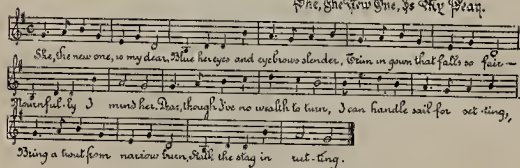
Palms of velvet, subtle, tender
Famous spinning-fingers slender.

By my hopes of heaven, this deserves a song for the occasion. Come, Captain, ransack your store of ballads—can you not find us a ditty to celebrate our new Irish spinster?

O'Neil:

There is indeed a song that might have been written for this very moment. (Sings):

She, The New One, Is My Dear.



SHE, THE NEW ONE, IS MY DEAR
(S I Mo Leannan An Te Ur)

Mournful is my heart and low,
Songless I with sorrow laden;
Falls upon me wave of woe.
Lacking my brown maiden.

White thy breast as meadow snow,
Neck as hill-down white and slender;
Foot as trim as wears a shoe,—
Grass would not bend under.



FLORA MACDONALD AND MacEACHAIN.

(As the laughter dies down, the Prince removes cap and apron, and motions the Captain to clear the table.)

Prince:

(Loquitur). And now, Miss Flora, for this infliction of feminine attire upon the sacred person of your Prince—for this *fêse majesté*—there must be a penalty—and for your sponce I pronounce a song. Your voice is too sweet to be allowed to remain silent any longer.

Flora:

Your Royal Highness, I am abashed. I am unprepared. There will be no spinet here to accompany me.

Prince:

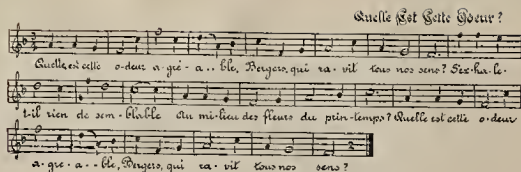
Aha! I was right. You do sing. Never mind the instrument. Lady Clanranald, do you prompt her.

Lady Clanranald:

To be sure Flora has a beautiful high voice to her and moreover she will be able to play the pibroch on the bagpipes. It will be a French song that she will be singing, for was she not at the school for young ladies in Edinburgh where the French was spoken? It will be a beautiful song that she was singing last night when we were at the sewing.

Flora:

But that was a Noel—a Christmas Carol—yet I will be singing it since you urge me. (Sings):



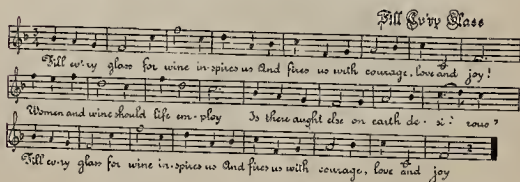
AN OLD FRENCH CAROL
 (Quelle est cette odeur agréable?)

Mais quelle éciatante lumière
 Dans la nuit vient frapper nos yeux?
 L'astre du jour dans sa carrière
 Fut il jamais si radieux!
 Mais quelle éciatante lumière
 Dans la nuit vient frapper nos yeux?

A Bethleem dans une crèche
 Il vient de vous naître un Sauveur.
 Allons que rien ne vous empêche
 D'adorer votre Redempteur
 A Bethleem dans une crèche
 Il vient de vous naître un Sauveur.

Prince:

Sweet echo of France! Yet a trifle solemn for the occasion. Let us sing you this same song as it was re-written by John Gay for his celebrated Beggars' Opera. (Sings.)



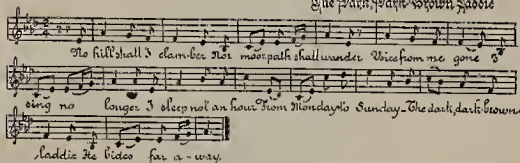
(Loquitur). And now, Lady Clanranald, it is your turn. Will you not favour me with one of those native

melodies which have made these highlands and islands so dear to me—songs that come from the hearts of a race of poets?

Lady Clanranald:

The song I will be singing was the song of the dark, dark-brown laddie.

The Dark, Dark-Brown Laddie



DARK, DARK-BROWN LADDIE
(An Gil'e Dubh Ciar-Dubh)

O, would that I one day
With dark, dark-brown laddie
Lay on a slope
Beneath the down-pouring
In wee grassy dingle
Or some other cover—
No grey-hair for lover
Though you bide away.

My dark bonnie laddie
A fool they may call ye—
I'll be your lassie
My friends all defying.
With you far I'd wander
In dingles and deserts—
No grey-hair for lover
Though you bide away.

Prince:

Bravo! Admirable sentiment and admirable melody. And now, Neal MacEachain, I have heard you piping a creditable tenor in our choruses. Let us hear you *solo*. Since we are going to sea together, let it have a sea-tang to it.

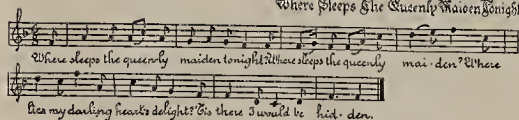


THE PRINCE AS BETTY BURKE.

MacEachain:

(Sings.)

Where Sleeps The Queenly Maiden Tonight



WHERE SLEEPS THE QUEENLY MAIDEN TO-NIGHT

(C'ait'an Caidil Au Ribhin)

The wind is blowing from the south,
And I would go a-sailing;
And were you now with me afloat
My heart would not be ailing.

O, I've been south and I've been north
And oft to Indies faring
But found no maiden half thy worth
Nor such a beauty sharing.

'Tis on thy head that grows the hair
In lovely curling tresses,
With golden tinge and shining fair
The comb itself caresses.

I would you came as swan so white,
A-swimming through the channel;
Through stormy waves myself would glide
And so to you my love tell.

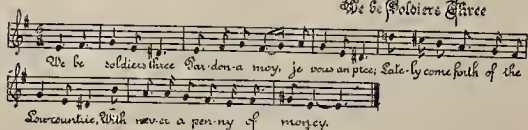
Lady Clanranald:

"Tis a *ceiliidh* for sure that we will be holding this night. Is it not a wonderful thing that in the very mouth of danger the heart should be light with music, and the Sassanach redcoats waiting with guns and cannons to destroy the life of our Prince?

Prince:

We sing so that we can forget. Are we not soldiers, taking life as it comes, day by day? Come, Captain, and you, Neal MacEachain, join in: (Sings.)

We be Soldiers Three



Low-courtesy, With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,
Pardona moy, je vous en prie
To all good fellows, wherever they be
With never a penny of money.

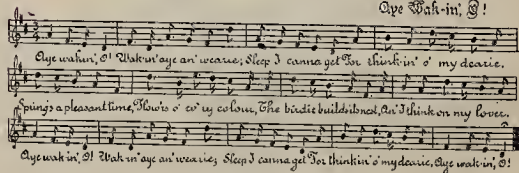
And he that will not pledge me thus,
Pardona moy, je vous en prie
Pays for the shot, whatever it is,
With never a penny of money.

(Loquitur). But we pre-empt the stage too much.
Place aux dames. Miss Flora, do but refresh once again
with that entrancing voice of yours.

Flora:

I will sing you a song that my mother used to be
singing, and she saying she has learnt it from her own
mother:

Aye Wak-in', O!



Aye wak-in', O! Wak-in' aye an' wearies; Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie,
Spring's a pleasant time, Flow'rs o' co'ur colour, The birdie builds its nest, An' I think on my lover.
Aye wak-in', O! Wak-in' aye an' wearies; Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie, Aye wak-in', O!

AYE WAKIN' O!

When I sleep I dream,
When I wake I'm eerie;
Rest I canna' get
For thinkin' o' my dearie
Aye wakin' O!
etc., etc.

Lanely nicht comes on,
 A' the lave are sleepin'
 I think on my bonnie lad,
 An' bleer my een wi' greetin'
 Aye wakin' O!
 etc., etc.

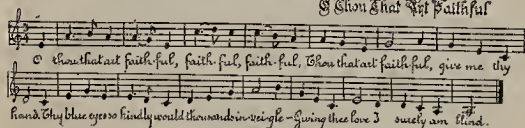
Prince:

Miss Flora, you touch our hearts. Captain, again I call on your assistance. Can you not cap this with a song in honour of our young guest to-night? Somewhere within the compass of your memory there must be an apt ballad.

O'Neil:

The Highland bard is never at a loss for a subject. I will sing you a song of loyalty:

O Thou That Art Faithful



O THOU THAT FAITHFUL
 (O Cuir, A Chinn Dillis)

Thy bearing so graceful, so rare to the vision
 Many haired tresses curling behind,
 Thy beauty so radiant, the flame of thy blushes
 Sudden have cast me prone to the ground.

Thine eyes clear and hazel, brows never frowning
 Sure have imparted love without end.
 Thy round lips and rosy, soft placid and kindly
 Dug me my grave ere you gave your hand.

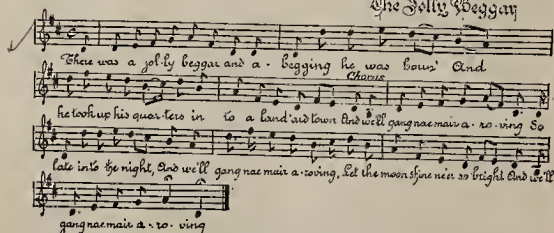
Lady Clanranald:

It is a beautiful river of singing indeed, but maybe it would be better if his Royal Highness would be trying on the clothes of Betty Burke so that we could be stitching her up if she was not exactly fitting.

Prince:

That's good sense, Lady Clanranald. I wish I had had as much foresight among my generals. Yet one more song ere we withdraw—a song written by my ancestor James the Fifth of sacred memory, who like myself did some vagabonding in his day. (Sings):

The Jolly Beggar



He wad neither lie in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
 But in ahint the ha'door, or else afore the fire.

3 The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' gude clean strae and hay, ✓
 And in ahint the ha'door, and there the beggar lay.

✓ Up raise the gudeman's dochter, and for to bar the door, ✓
 And there she saw the beggarman standing i' the floor.

6 He took the lassie in his arms, and gae he kisses three,
 And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nurse's fee.

X He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill X
 And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa', ✓
 And he was the bravest gentleman that was among them a'.

(Loquitur.) And now, gentlemen, let us withdraw.
 Captain, bring the lantern—Neal MacEachain shall be my
 tiring maid.

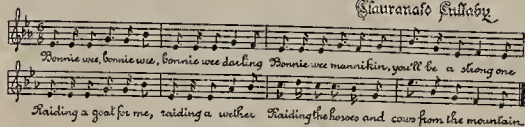
(They go out, leaving Flora and Lady Clanranald in
 the hut. As soon as they are left alone, the two ladies

automatically produce their knitting. As their fingers ply.
Lady Clanranald sings the lullaby Cagaran Gaolach.)

Lady Clanranald:

(Sings):

Clanranald Lullaby



Bonnie wee, bonnie wee, bonnie wee darling Bonnie wee mannikin, you'll be a strong one

Raiding a goat for me, raiding a wether Raiding the horses and cows from the mountain.

Bonnie wee lammie you, bonnie wee baby
Bonnie wee roguey, be done with your crying;
Raid you a goat for me, raid me a wether
Raid me a deer from the forest and heather.

Take you a nappie, a-closing your eyelids,
Take you a nappie, my lap I am guarding;
Keep on a-napping, a-closing your eyelids,
Keep on a-napping and waken so hardy.

Sound in his nappie and sound in his sleeping,
Over him angels will hover befriending;
Faintly the voices he'll hear in his dreaming,
And my wee dear with a smile will be ending.

Flora:

The Prince is a long time getting into his Irish dress.

Lady Clanranald:

Will it be a wonder with these great gawky hands to
him. Was I not thinking when I will be looking at his
fingers that the deil a preen he could pit in? Now do you
sing.

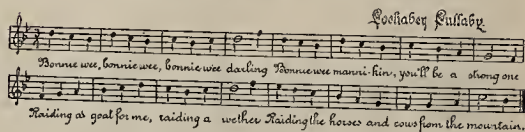
Flora:

What shall it be?

Lady Clanranald:

Let it be the Cronan of Lochaber.

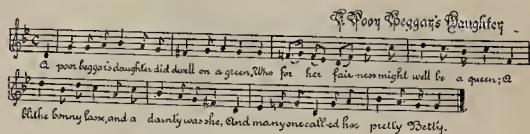
(This is a lullaby with the same words as the one sung by Lady Clanranald. She sings verses one, two and three, while Flora sings verses one, three and four.)



Hand (Re-enter the Prince now fully dressed as Betty Burke with O'Neil and MacEachain. As he enters he is singing.)

Prince:

(Sings):



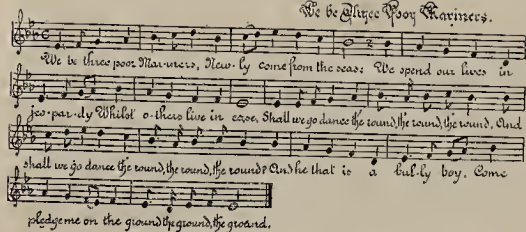
And if any here her birth do disdain
 My Flora is ready with pipers amain
 To prove she is come of noble degree.
 Therefore do not flout at pretty Betty.

(With his long legs and comic gestures, he reduces them to fits of laughter.)

Prince:

Here we are then, ready for the perilous sea-voyage under the guns of the enemy fleet. Fellow mariners, it is fitting that we sing a round. (Takes Flora and MacEachain by the hand and sings with them:

We be Alike Poor Mariners.



We care not for martial men that do our states disdain,
But we care for those merchantmen which do our states maintain.
To them we dance this round, a-round, a-round,
To them we dance this round, a-round, a-round,
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on the ground, a-ground, a-ground.

(Laughing and a trifle out of breath he hands round the bowl for all to drink. As they are drinking, the door bursts open and in rushes Alastair, the half-wit boy who is the Earl's fool, with a message from the Castle for Lady Clanranald. On seeing the strange figure of the Prince, who is six foot high, in Betty Burke's attire, he falls terrified on his knees, with hands shaking.)

Alastair:

O me! O me! Was it not the strange terrible lang-leggit creature. O the blessed St. Michael! Was it not one of the fairies of the giant race!

Lady Clanranald:

(Taking Alastair by the scruff of the neck and shaking him)——

Rise up, rise up, ye half-witted bletherskite! What mischievous fancy brought ye here prying where no one

asked ye to come? Why are ye no at Ormiclade, playing the fool for the Earl?

Alastair:

Why does the moorhen fly at the tread of the hunter? Lady it was the Earl's self that sent me to tell you that General Campbell and the Sassenach redcoats was at the Castle and speirin' after ye.

Lady Clanranald:

Lord preserve us! And what other message did he give ye?

Alastair:

He tellt me to say that there was an ailing bairn in in the clachan out by, and that it was the duty of the Lady Clanranald to visit the sick of the clan. (Catching sight again of the tall Irish spinster) Ow! Ow! See the strange carlin! Ow, the great-footed Irish warlock! Ow! Ow!

(Hiding his head in his arms and falls on his knees again, kicking the floor with his toes.)

Lady Clanranald:

(As the Prince laughs)—Forgive me, your Royal Highness, but this is no more a time for laughing at all, at all. For General Campbell will be wondering at my absence and suspecting that I am with the Prince he is hunting. Indeed, it is a great danger that I am seeing for all of us, and there will be no more putting off the escape, but to-night is the night. Flora, my heart's heart, it is a great fear that I am taking with me at leaving you, but yet I daurna stay. Nor is there any time now for you to be waiting, but, as soon as I leave, you must take the boat that lies along shore awaiting the Prince so that you may go over the waves of the channels through the lines of the Sassenach.

Flora:

(Simply.) Flora Macdonald is ready.

Lady Clanranald:

Aye, aye! 'tis a brave-hearted girl that she is. (Taking her in her arms and turning to the Prince.) And I would have your Royal Highness remember that this will be an honourable girl and the daughter of Angus, son of Ranald younger of Milton. Will she not already be pledged to another Macdonald, and has she not made for him her love-song? Surely indeed would fall the vengeance of the Macdonalds on him that would bring stain upon her name. It will not be her life alone that she is risking on the night adventure.

Prince Charlie:

To that our answer is our royal motto:

"Honi soit qui mal y pense".

(Lady Clanranald gives Flora a farewell embrace and then with a final curtsy to the Prince hurries out with Alastair. Neil takes the targe off the wall, and gathers the remaining food into a knapsack. The Prince examines his pistols before strapping them on his belt.)

(To Flora)—Have you no other clothes or wraps to wear than what you brought with you here?

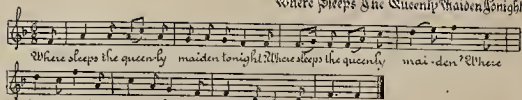
Flora:

Indeed, to be sure there is a chest of them by the roadside where we left it under a rock. It will be on our way to the boat.

Prince Charlie:

Then we shall fetch it as we go. So now once more a-wandering! (turning to Neil MacEachain) What was that song you sang? (sings)—the others joining in at the second verse.

Where Sleeps The Queenly Maiden Tonight



lies my darling heart's delight? 'Tis there I would be hid - den.

Where sleeps the queenly maiden to-night?
Where sleeps the queenly maiden?
Where lies my darling heart's delight,
'Tis there I would be hidden.

The wind is blowing from the south,
And I would go a-sailing;
And were you now with me afloat,
My heart would not be ailing.

CURTAIN

Sp. 17 and

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Act 27 1/2

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